THE BOURBON NEWS.

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HER MAJESTY.

When women seek favors from men
They smile as they make their requests;
It's "Kindly oblige me," and then
We languidly heed their behests.
"Oh, won't you do this much for me?"
They softly, caressingly say—
One only makes never a plea,
But simply informs me I may.

"You may tie my shoe," with a pout;
It's never "I wish you would, please."
And yet without question or doubt
Most humbly I sink to my knees.
"You may push the hammock awhile,"
I hear the maid carelessly say.
Another would plead with a smile—
Her majesty says that I may.

No favors she e'er asks of me,
This damsel so gracious, divine;
Whatever I do I can see
The favor is hers, not mine.
She "lets" me walk miles for a wrap,
"Allows" me to row down the bay.
Another might ask me, mayhap—
Her majesty says that I may.

The girl is a natural queen,
Her wishes real favors must be,
And work done for her can but mean
Additional pleasure for me.
Oh, beautiful dream of my life!
I hope when I tell her some day
I'm longing to make her my wife
Her majesty'll say that I may.

—Chicago Post.

Capt. Blake's Home Coming.

"IT'S you that's cruel, Teddie Blake!"

"Cruel, Nellie, dear—Nellie, you little demon! Why, I wouldn't touch a hair of your head, barring the bit I want to cut off to carry with me to India, and you're teasing the life out of me with your contrariness, and making it much harder for me to go than even you dream of!"

"And what do you want to go for? leaving your home and your regiment that you were so proud of, and the people that know you, and the girl"—here Miss Nellie breaks down with a little sob, and it is all Teddie can do to remember his promise to her father, and keep his two arms from going round her.

"And the girl—what?" he says, huskily; for the life of him he can't resist that much.

"That was brought up with you and has been a sister to you all your life," chokes Nellie O'Malley.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nellie," the poor, young soldier says, pulling himself together, and speaking much more severely than he really feels, "you must try to understand my position, and then we'll say no more about it, if you please, once and for all. My uncle's dead (Heaven rest his soul), and he's left the old place to me, but it's up to the chimney pots in debt, and unless I let it to the English fellow I'll never be able to clear it all my life. Then, if I don't exchange for India, I can't keep my place in the service at all; and besides, Nellie, with the old regiment quartered at Thomastown, it would be mighty hard for me to see another man fishing my salmon and shooting my birds and sitting in my chimney corner every day of the week, with all his great ugly face looking over the pew at you on Sundays! I couldn't do it, Nellie, not even to remain near—near the friends I've known ever since I was a baby. So that's all about it, and you mustn't make it harder for me than I can bear—do you see?"

It was a good thing that Aunt Ellen called them in to supper at this moment. Nellie had one of her teasing fits on her, trying by this means to hide her heartbreak at Teddie's departure, and her perversity tried poor young Blake sorely. He had promised her father, the rector, that he would not by word or act reveal his feeings toward her. They had been children together, almost brother and sister, for nearly 20 years, since Teddy first came to Moyliscallan, and this state of things must be maintained, Mr. O'Malley decided, till Teddie's fortunes should bear closer and more satisfactory inspection. Perhaps a few years of Indian soldiering, while the old castle was let to a rich English tenant, might put the said fortunes on their feet; meanwhile, lingering in the old rectory garden was a dangerous occupation, and Aunt Ellen did wisely to ring the supper bell out of the window.

Presently the parting came. It was Sunday evening, and the rectory kept early hours. Supper was over, and the O'Malleys were making their farewells to Teddie, the almost son of the house, for he had to get back to Thomastown that night and start for England next morning.

"There's something I want to take with me," he announced stoutly before them all, "a lock of your hair, Aunt Ellen, and another of Nellie's. You know you two are the only womenkind I have or ever have had. Give me each a bit of a curl and I'll have them put in a locket together and wear it on my chain, and you won't be sorry to think I've got it when I'm away from you."

He looked at the rector as he spoke. It was all open and above board, and the old gentleman nodded and reached down a pair of scissors from the mantelshelf, which he handed to his sister. Aunt Ellen cut her little lock carefully, as befits a lady of five-and-forty, whose hair is still abundant and ornamental, if not so bright as it has been. Nellie whisked her bunch of curls over her shoulder and snipped off a thick brown ringlet. Teddie twisted them together in his pocketbook and said, with a feeble attempt at a joke: "They'll go with me everywhere and bring me back to Moyliscallan. Don't let me find you've been, either of you, flirting with Strangeways while I'm away or putting him in my place."

Then he kissed the two ladies as he had always done on great occasions, at New Year or on birthdays, ever since he was three years old, shook hands with the rector twice over, and hurried away off to Thomastown, and thence to India. And, oh dear! it was dull at Moyliscallan without him!

Five years later Capt. Edward Blake was coming home on sick leave. It had been a "near squeak," as he said himself. That wound on the head, at the Burroo Pass affair, had set all Europe talking about him, but had nearly done for him all the same. Then came weeks of fever and the weary journey to Bombay; the relapse on the road, which, but for Mrs. Diamond's nursing, must have finished him; the almost miraculously accomplished move on to shipboard, which the doctor allowed was an experiment of kill or cure.

And now he was steaming home as fast as the P. & O. line could do it, and every day some fresh sense of power in mind or body was reborn in him; one day he could arrange his own pillows, the next he could read a few lines of the Times. A little later he asked Mrs. Diamond if she could find him paper and pencil, as he wanted to write a note "home." Life was worth living again with Moyliscallon drawing nearer day by day. Mrs. Diamond was a little widow lady, who, since her husband's death, had been keeping house for a brother in the civil service. "The Judge," as she called him, had fallen a victim to the charms of an 18-year-old school girl, fresh from England, and Mrs. Diamond's services were required no longer. Coming down country she had stumbled upon Teddie Blake, fever-stricken and virtually alone, and it was undoubtedly to her care that he owed his recovery from the relapse, which had been worse than the original attack. She had deferred her own plans to the convenience of the patient, had superintended his transfer to the steamship from the Bombay hotel which she had hardly dared to hope he would leave alive, and was a witness of his convalescence on board ship, as day by day his strength and spirits returned. So it was not wonderful that Teddie turned to her for paper and pencil on the very first occasion that he felt he could scrawl a line, and imperiously demanded that he be allowed to write "to his people."

"Are you sure you can do it?" Mrs. Diamond asked, producing the writing board, but not giving it to him unconditionally.

"Quite sure—that is, not a bit of it—but I'll try."

"I thought you said you had nobody belonging to you?"

"No more I have—no real relations—but an adopted family that is the dearest in the world—not a mere accident of birth, like other people's families. I must write them just a few words to say that I'm alive and coming home, and it'll be ready when an opportunity comes for posting it, though it can't reach Moyliscallan more than an hour or two before I do myself."

"Moyliscallan," repeated Mrs. Diamond; "what do you know of Moyliscallan? I only heard of the place for the first time a month ago, and now it turns up again!"

"It's my home," Blake said, painfully scrawling the date at the top of his sheet of paper. "The castle belongs to me, only I've never been able to live in it yet. My people live at the rectory—it is to Mr. O'Malley, the rector, that I'm writing. And what did you hear about Moyliscallan, the sweetest place on all the earth?"

"Why," said Mrs. Diamond, excitedly, "this is the oddest thing! My cousin, George Strangways, rented the castle from some one some years ago—from you, it appears—and now he is engaged, married probably by this time, to one of the rector's girls, Ellen O'Malley, a daughter, I suppose, of this very old gentleman you're writing to! I had the letter just before I met you at Rahmednugger, and had scarcely given it a thought since."

One of the rector's girls!

Teddy Blake had seen death glaring at him from a wall of black Afghan faces; he had looked fever in the eyes more than once, but he had never known what despair meant till Marcia Diamond told him her little story of odd coincidences sitting on the steamship deck, half-way through their homeward voyage. For a moment he repeated the words: "Ellen O'Malley; there is only one daughter at the rectory;" and Mrs. Diamond, whose eyes were on the silk sock she was knitting, went on cheerfully: "Oh, then, that's the girl. I did not hear from George Strangways direct; the news came through my brother, but of course it is the same—the young lady at the rectory. Fancy old George succumbing to an Irish girl's fascinations after going all over the habitable globe unscathed till now!"

"Is he a good fellow?" Teddy asked.

Something in his voice made Mrs. Diamond give a swift glance at her companion, and in that glance she understood everything.

"He is a very good fellow," she answered, a little more seriously than she had hitherto spoken; "any girl will be happy and tenderly treated by him, though he is an elderly man—55, I should think—and a little eccentric and old-fashioned in his ways. You will find letters telling you all about it when you reach England, you may be sure. Don't you think you had better let me take that writing board downstairs again? It will be time enough to write when there is a chance of posting your letter."

He let her lift the writing things away, only putting out a feeble hand to crumple up the sheet on which he had begun his letter. Then he lay back with his eyes shut, and her tact took her a little apart, for the struggle which he had to go through now must be fought out alone. By and by his servant came and helped him downstairs, and Mrs. Diamond saw him again no more that day.

"Poor, poor lad—if I could only have saved him from such a blow!" she kept saying over and over again to herself, "but those wretched coincidences are too strong for us."

Moyliscallan woods in September! How often Teddie Blake had pictured his home-coming through the green glades that stretched between the castle and the rectory. Those sylvan aisles were the rallying place of all his favorite dreams, for did not Nellie cross them day by day, and would it not be here that he would bring her to tell her the secret which he thought she must have guessed long ago. Rector O'Malley would let him speak at last, for the long waiting had borne its fruit in recouping the Blake coffers, while Teddie knew that the Burroo Pass affair, of which he himself thought and spoke so modestly, was not likely to be forgotten when his name came up at the Horse guards. A thousand times he had gone over all this in imagination, fingering, meanwhile, the little flat locket that hung at his watch chain—and now—and now, he was creeping back to Moyliscallan like a thief, having given no word of warning either to the rector or to his agent at the castle—creeping home just to see Nellie's face again once more and then to go away anywhere and die. He was still weak and wan from the fever. Mrs. Diamond had tried hard to persuade him to remain a little time in London for a consultation with a first-rate doctor, but the determination to see Nellie at Moyliscallan once more was the only desire that remained to him in life, and till it was accomplished his shrewd little friend saw that there was no good talking of anything else. So he had hurried over to Ireland, and had reached Thomastown the evening before. To-day he had taken a car over to the village (in the old days it was the shortest and pleasantest four miles ever known), and leaving the driver asleep in the sun at the cross roads had turned into the wood that is a short cut to the two principal houses in the parish. He had no very definite idea of the plan to pursue. Now that he had reached his journey's end, it seemed as if all power had left him. Perhaps somewhere among the trees, crossing from the castle grounds to the rectory side, he should see Nellie passing by, and he would slip down upon his knees among the fern and look at her—George Strangways' wife—and—oh, this faintness! Merciful God! is that Nellie?

"Teddie, is it really you?"

Teddie was on the moss, stretched flat, save that Nellie's arm was under his head, Nellie's little, bare, sunburned hand unfastened his collar—he could only look and smile. The green Moyliscallan leaves were overhead, dancing against the blue, Nellie's face was very close, and he thought he must be in Heaven.

"How could you come like this and take us by surprise, and you so ill, Teddie?" the girl went on reproachfully. "If I hadn't been going across to the castle this morning early, and come on you lying here in a heap—"

"Going across to the castle," Teddie found tongue to utter, his eyes on Nellie's left hand. "Don't you live at the castle now altogether?"

"And what should I go and live at the castle for, when I've a good home of my own, intruding on newly married people, as if I didn't know better? Besides, Aunt Ellen isn't back from her honeymoon yet, and Uncle George—what, are you able to sit up? Take care or you'll—"

She could not finish the sentence, for Capt. Blake was sitting up with a vengeance, and to steady himself he had got his arm around her waist.

"So you never thought of Aunt Ellen?" said Nellie by and by; "well, you wouldn't have been an Irishman if you hadn't made a mistake somewhere! Only if you'd ever seen Uncle George I don't think you'd have doubted me, Teddie, dear. Oh! they have been so funny courting one another these five years! and if I hadn't been so well amused I think I must have died, for you kept me a long time waiting without a word!"—Boston (England) Guardian.

Tommy Was a Strategist.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated his parents, the footman, the gardener, the coachman, the cook, the housemaids to go down into the well to recover his drumstick. In his distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Tommy—he secretly carried off all the plate from the sideboard and threw it into the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search for the robbers took place. In the midst of the alarm and the confusion Master Tommy ran with the news that he had found the plate. "Where?" was the cry. "Down the well," replied Tommy. "I saw it quite plain shining at the bottom—spoons, ladles, bread baskets, salvers and all." The housemaids hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was seen. A ladder was procured, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished up Master Tommy whispered to him: "John, please bring up my drumstick when you go down for the soup ladle."—London Telegraph.

The Bishop's Discomfiture.

There is an anecdote of a London bishop, who, having read that story of John Wesley cuting out every word of his discourse that his servant-maid did not understand, determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He chose an elementary subejct, and took for his text: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. Bard, and we said how fine it was. But, after all, we can't help thinking that there is a God."—Chambers' Journal.

AN ODD REUNION OF SIOUX.

Return to Old Haunts—Squaws in Tears for Dead Paleface.

Within six miles of the business center of St. Paul there is an encampment of Sioux Indians. It was the custom many years ago for all of the Sioux who could manage to get here to gather twice each year on the bank of the Mississippi near Red Rock for the purpose of hunting, fishing and having a good time generally. For many years the custom has been abandoned, but a few days ago, to the great surprise of the people living in that vicinity, the Indians began gathering from all directions, a good many in wagons, some on ponies, a number walking, and a few even arriving by train. There were fully 200 Indians together, and then the fun began. They were evidently glad to be together again, for they set up a large pole in the middle of the camp and danced about it.

The scene was a weird one, and seeing it one could easily imagine that there was no such thing as civilization within a hundred miles. The women did not dance, but the men who did were dressed semibarbarously. They wore shirts, trousers and beaded moccasins, while long strings of beads wound round and round their necks and bright-colored sashes made their costumes picturesque. As they danced they chanted a song of welcome in the Dacotah tongue and beat steadily upon their tom-toms or small drums. There was one rather peculiar thing about their actions—they never appeared to see one another as they wound in and out in the queer serpentine movements of the dance.

When the camp was visited by the Dispatch it was very quiet, and except for the smoke rising among the trees there was no visible or audible sign of the presence of a barbarous tribe until, following the trail into the woods, the whole village was suddenly in full view. Groups of young girls were standing about and an old squaw was bringing firewood upon her back, and a number of young men were trying feats of strength. In one of the tepees, which stood by itself apart from the others, was a young man, evidently a leader among them, who acted as spokesman. He, it seems, is a son of the old chief of the tribe who used to live at Kapiosa. As a sign of his rank he wears a shirt with a bosom of solid bead work of most elaborate design. His Indian name is Kaiah, but in English he is called Samuel Thomas. The two oldest men of the party are Tasnonawonhdi and Tukancandiska.

A little incident which occurred one morning would show that these people have a great deal of feeling, although they do not often show it. Two of the oldest squaws in the party went to the Ford residence and asked for the elder Mrs. Ford, whom they had known many years ago, and who had learned their language when she came to this country 60 years ago and had always been very kind to them. Mrs. Ford died last winter, and when told of this the old squaws cried.—St. Paul Dispatch.

CUT POSTAGE STAMPS IN HALF.

People Who Are Unable to Understand Why They Are Not Good.

"Sometimes we find that people have cut stamps in half when they want one of half the denomination," said the postal clerk in charge of the oddities of mailing matter as he entered in his "unmailable list" eggs, bacon, cucumbers, an entire goose, a rat's head and some bug poison.

"You would expect that the people who do that would be immigrants with the odor of the steerage still clinging to their clothes. It is by no means the case. Now, here is a letter bearing the half of a 4-cent stamp," showing an envelope addressed in such a precise hand that indicated a New England origin. "I notified the sender by the address in the corner of the envelope that her letter was being 'held up' and when the next day I saw a little, white-haired old lady in black come briskly in I guessed correctly that she had come for this letter. When I told her that it had not gone because of a mutilated stamp she looked surprised even when I showed her the envelope. In a sweet, gentle, but protesting way she insisted that the stamp was not mutilated—that having no 2-cent stamp she had cut a 4-cent stamp in two—and she added reproachfully that she was sorry that there had been any delay!

"'If you had a ten-dollar bill would you expect to tear it into tenths and have the pieces buy a dollar's worth of dry goods?"

"She paid her two cents with the air of the woman forced to keep dress goods she had soiled when she knows she can get the same thing for less money across the street, but said scornfully: 'This must be a dreadfully unaccommodating post office—I pity Chicago people. Down east they make no such fussy requirements.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Children of the Sun.

We have been called "children of the sun," and there is truth as well as poetry in the designation. Year by year the man of science drags himself a little closer to the great central engine. When Faraday, in his mind's eye, saw lines of force traversing space, and when his great disciple, Maxwell, bequeathed to us the electro-magnetic theory of light, men of science felt that a path had been staked out across the maze of solar mysteries. The sun no longer shone as a giver of heat and light only, for in the ether were nerve-like waves of every description. Children of the sun, we respond not only to the great periodic changes, but to every passing spasm and disturbance. Auroras are associated with solar change. In studying them we may fathom the secrets of the sun.—Alexander McAdie, in Century.

As the Storm Gathered.

He—My dear, I wish you would remember—er—

She—Well, remember what?

"That originally woman was merely a side issue."—Brookly Life.

CORRECTING FAULTS.

It Should Be Done in a Kindly Manner.

There is nothing more difficult in the management of a household than is the art of kindly and affectionately helping each other by correcting faults to which even the best are liable. Family government must of course depend upon the rule of the father and mother, who in the nature of things are the guides and helps for their children. In such case the superior wisdom of the older heads of the family justifies their claim, at least while the children are small, to implicit obedience. But there are older persons in most households who equally need admonition. How shall it be given?

The self-righteous and meddlesome people who best like the business of reproving others are always least fitted for this work. The person who feels most deeply his own shortcomings, and makes large allowances for others, is always slowest in admonishing for wrongs done by others. He does it only under the admonitions of his own conscience, which tells him that he is really speaking from the same plane with those he would help. There must be a common ground on which we should meet others if we would materially help them. The fact that we are all liable to err places the rebuker of sin and the sinner on a common level. This in itself places the reprover, and him or her who is reproved, upon an equality, and enables both to profit by the admonition given.

It is enough for scrupulous honesty to come in contact with dishonesty to put it out of countenance. The same is true of selfishness, which is the most prevalent of human sins. It is because the example of Jesus Christ was of unselfish purity that it was best fitted to arouse the conscience by the example of unselfishness and perfect purity such as the world has never before known that it forms a monition of purity and unselfishness such as the world has never before known. Men harden themselves against the direct admonition, but the indirect lesson makes its way without opposition. If we can enlist the good will and affection of hearers in behalf of divine truth we have won more than half the battle. It is the most common experience that the hasty censure of others produces no effect, because it is recognized as being out of place. Yet the later censure of those slower to speak, and whose words are always thoughtfully considered, will be heard with due respect, and its admonitions duly heeded. — Boston Budget.

TEN DOLLARS A WEEK FOR EIGHT

Feeding a Family at a Cost of Eighteen Cents a Day for Each Person.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how a family of eight persons can be fed—and well fed—at the aggregate cost of ten dollars a week. She presents a bill of fare for each meal, with suggestions for changing and varying them, and details how to prepare the main dishes that enter into her economical plan of supplying the family table. "To carry out the scheme," she says, "articles must be purchased economically, and no waste permittted. A table which is supplied for a family of eight for ten dollars a week must, of necessity be plain, but it may, at the same time, not lack for variety or wholesomeness. Sweetmeats and rich desserts must be counted only as occosional luxuries, and 'company' dishes must be omitted altogether. Meat, the most expensive food item, may be purchased in a much larger quantity than is needed for a single meal, and utilized French fashion. The poor and middle classes of this country must learn more about the food value of the legumens, more about the proper prepartion of food, and last, but not least, more about the proper combinations of food. Avoid the buying of steaks, roasts and chops each week. It is an expensive household indeed which has no repertoire of cheaper dishes. A beef's heart or a braised calf's liver makes an excellent and economical change. Broiled sheep's kidneys, with a little bacon, give a good breakfast at a cost of ten cents. Smothered beef, which may be made from the tough end of the rump steak, is appetizing, and only costs half the price of an equal food-value of tenderloin steak.

"The housekeeper should go to market early and buy only the best materials. They keep longer and go farther than the inferior ones. Perishable food should be bought in small quantities two or three times a week. Groceries enough to last a month should be laid in. Canned goods and conserved sweets should be bought sparingly. Meat is always a most expensive article, and not a particle of it should be allowed to go to waste."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Flower Boas in Vogue.

For driving, a striking addition made to ostrich and chiffon confections is one made entirely of American beauty roses, with four long ends of ribbon the same shade in front. Each of these is finished with a large beauty rose and bud with green leaf attached. Frenchy and irresistible combinations for garden parties are a white skirt with blouse and basque made of mauve survale, or the same arrangements with orange blouse and white lace. Over the white silk skirt lining are deep Spanish flounces of coarse Greek tulle, with little beading of the same. Or white Chantilly over transparent sky-blue mousseline, and so on ad infinitum.—St. Louis Republic.

Lemon Barley Water.

To make lemon barley water take two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, rather more than two quarts of boiling water and the peel of a fresh lemon. It should stand all night and be strained the next morning.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Before a man has been at home an hour he has called for something not in the house, and then complains as loudly about it as if his wife conducted a department store.—Atchison Globe.

HUMOROUS.

—"Nothing is sacred to these professional jokers." "Oh, yes. The old jokes."—Philadelphia North American.

—First Boy—"I say, Tommy, do you work for Robinson?" Second Boy—"I guess he thinks I do. T any rate he pays me every week."—Boston Transcript.

—Managed to Convey His Meaning.—"Hans, why did you take off your hat to that man?" "Dot man vas mein shveetheart mit do golden hair's fader."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Hopsmith ought to take his wife with him to the Klondike." "Any special reason?" "Yes; I've noticed she always does their snow shoveling at home."—Detroit Free Press.

—Terrible Threat.—"John, if you don't quit referring to me as 'the old woman' I'll make you sorry for it." "What will you do, dear?" "I'll be a new woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Keeping the Faith.—"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals to-day?" "Yes, grandma. I let your canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."—Harlem Life.

—"Ah," said Mrs. Buzby to her husband, who has come home with a black eye and no hat, "that's what you get for riding a bicycle." "No, my dear, it's what I get for not being able to ride one," said Buzby.—Tit-Bits.

—What He Forgot.—"Didn't you forget something, sir?" asked the waiter. "Yes," replied Gimpy, reaching for his hat. "You were so long bringing my dinner that I forgot what I had ordered."—Philadelphia North American.

—In Good Company. — Mamma—"Now, Johnny, you must remember to use your right hand. I don't want you to become left-handed." Johnny—"Why, mamma! some of the best pitchers in the league are left-handed."—Puck.

JERSEY'S INHABITANTS.

Twenty Thousand More Native-Born Women Than Men in the State.

Jersey men and Jersey women don't emigrate. Jersey men and Jersey women don't turn their backs on the farm or the homestead to found colonies in the south or southwest, as do the people of New York, New England and Pennsylvania. They are glad to be able to remain in Jersey, and under these circumstances it is perhaps just a little peculiar that there should be 20,000 more native-born women than men in New Jersey.

The male birth rate is higher than the female birth rate in New Jersey, as in other states and in most countries. In the state last year there were born 1,032 females to each 1,000 males, but in most states of the union, or at least in settled states of the union, this disparity is set off by two causes—the higher male death rate and the loss of population through emigration. A larger proportion of men than women emigrate, and in old established states, especially in the eastern portion of the country, and particularly in the New England states, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, the preponderance of female inhabitants is considerable. The average number of births in a year in New Jersey exceeds the average number of deaths by 30,000, or 10 per cent.; but though the number of births of males is larger, and has been for many years, than the number of births of females, and although there is practically little emigration from New Jersey, the fact remains that there are 20,000 more female than male inhabitants in that state, native-born.

The preponderance of women is not general. In Cloucester county, for instance, which is in South Jersey and tributary to Philadelphia, there were, by the last state census, 600 more men than women. In Ocean county, the home of fishermen, there were by the last census 9,112 male and 8,679 female inhabitants, a considerable disparity in favor of the former. In Atlantic county, in Cape May county, in Cumberland county, in Salem and in Sussex the male outnumber the female inhabitants. On the other hand, in the other counties of New Jersey the native-born female inhabitants preponderate. The reason is plain. New Jersey has enormous manufacturing interests, and perhaps the best developed of them is the manufacture of silk. A very considerable number of those engaged in silk manufacture are women and girls. In Passaic county, which includes the city of Paterson, there are 1,600 more native female than male inhabitants. In Morris county there are 1,200 more native female than male inhabitants. In Union county, which includes the city of Elizabeth, there are 2,200 more native-born women than native-born men, and in Essex county, which includes the city of Newark, with its vast and varied manufactures, there are 7,179 more native female than native male inhabitants. In addition to this disparity there are in all Jersey 10,000 more Irish-born women than Irish-born men, but the residents of other nationalities include a larger male than female population.—N. Y. Sun.

The Horrid Man.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Middleton, with a sigh, "it is too true, alas, too true! One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

She had just returned from an afternoon card party, and had been talking over some of the things that she had heard there.

"I guess you're right," her husband replied, "but you bet your life it isn't the feminine half that doesn't know."—Cleveland Leader.

Couldn't Recollect Any Others.

Couldn't Recollect Any Others.—Stephen—But, Uncle John, whom do you mean when you speak of the "best citizens?"

Uncle John—Well, there is myself, for instance, and—and—and—I presume there are others, but they do not come to mind just at this moment."—Boston Transcript.